Reveal

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by Creed Cascade (creedcascade)

Summary

Alana comes back to Hannibal's home after a date to find Will.

"So, what did you think of the performance?" Hannibal asked as he manoeuvred his Bentley into his driveway and guided it to a gentle stop.

"Honestly?" Alana asked, unbuckling her seatbelt. She had almost fallen asleep during the second act.

"I would expect nothing less. One moment, please."

He undid his seatbelt and got out of the driver's side, walking over to the passenger's side. He opened her door with a flourish and held out his hand to help her out of the low slung seat.

"I find your need to continue with such an antiquated practise amusing," Alana said. "Though charming."

"Good manners are never antiquated. One could say high heels are antiquated, but you still wear them. Dare I say they are also charming? Now, do not evade the question, what did you think of the performance?"

"We both know you already know what I thought of the performance. You always do."

The corner of Hannibal's mouth twitched into a half-smile. "It would not be polite to assume."

"And," Alana said, leaning in close to Hannibal. "Doctor Hannibal Lecter is always polite."

"I endeavour to be."

He was sporting a slim cut suit that would look ridiculous on any other man. He wore the checkered pattern and contrasting tie with panache and flair that made her the envy of many at the concert to be the one on Hannibal's arm.

"An admirable goal. I enjoy more contemporary music. Like, jazz. This was not an unenjoyable evening in your company. A gentlemen would invite me in the for a night cap to make it up to me and you are always a gentleman."

Hannibal reached out and captured her hand, bringing it to his lips, kissing it quickly. "A gentleman would respect that-"

"Hannibal, you've been avoiding me. Stalling."

"I have not. Just the other day we went for coffee."

"As colleagues."

"We are colleagues," he said.

"Let's continue this conversation inside, Hannibal. What would the neighbours think?"

She didn't wait for an answer and walked towards the front door. Hannibal's footsteps echoed behind her.

"It is late," he said.

"Open the door."

His lips drew together, thinning out with his displeasure, but he opened the door none-the-less. She pushed past him before he could do any more avoidance. Her heels clicked on the marble tiles as she whirled around, pushing up against Hannibal and slamming the door shut as she ramming him back. She had no problem being aggressive in getting what she wanted and tonight she wanted Hannibal. She missed him.

Alana fisted her fingers around the bold tie and pulled him down as she leaned in for a kiss.

Hannibal was tense as she pressed their lips together. His hands found their way to her hips and she expected him to pull her close, but instead he pushed her away. Then she heard a door on the second floor slam.

"Who's here?" Alana demanded.

"Alana-"

"No," she said. "Who was that?"

"It doesn't matter."

"It does," she insisted. "You ask me out and then-"

"Months ago."

"Pardon me?"

Hannibal's gaze flickered to the second story where a loud, muffled noise emanated to the foyer.

"I procured the tickets to this performance months ago," he said.

"I know, you're the one who invited me."

"That is why I didn't cancel. Circumstances in my life have changed."

"Circumstances? Circumstances between us were the same before I left for that conference last month."

"Alana, please." Hannibal made a displeased sound. "Our arrangement has been-"

"Arrangement? Oh, please. We're in a relationship, Hannibal."

"We have never made any official commitments," Hannibal said. "Our acquaintance has always been convenient and amenable for both of us."

"That's Hannibal-speak for you met someone else. You mean to tell me that the great commitment-phobic Doctor Hannibal Lecter managed to find someone else in the three weeks I was gone?"

"It's complicated."

"That's a Facebook status, not an explanation. You've moved her in?"

Hannibal sighed. "Him."

The angry words on Alana's lips died.

She blinked a few times.

"Have you been cheating on me?" she asked.

"We were never monogamous," Hannibal said.

"That's not an answer."

"My personal life is-"

"Fuck you, Hannibal," Alana spat out, her tone raising to a yell. "I'm a part of your personal life! We might not have been madly in love, but I thought you respected me. It is my business if you've been sleeping with someone else. Do I have to get tested?"

"Fuck you, lady."

The strange voice rung out in the foyer. Alana looked up to the staircase to see a wild haired young man.

"Language, please," Hannibal admonished.

"Not now, Hannibal," the young man said as he descended the stairs. He was shirtless, barefoot and wearing a pair of pyjama pants slung low on his hips. "She doesn't get to talk to you like that."

"She is a guest in my house."

"She can fuck off," he repeat and glared at her.

He was young. Twenty-something and scruffy. Piercing blue eyes. Handsome. Disconcerting.

"Robbing the cradle, I see, Hannibal. I didn't take you for the type," Alana said.

Hannibal placed a restraining hand on his elbow when the young man took a threatening step towards her.

"Alana, please, refrain from such vulgarity," Hannibal said.

"I didn't think bitches were your type," the young man said.

Hannibal dug his fingers into the young man's skin. "Will, apologize."

"Sorry," Will mumbled. He wrenched his elbow from Hannibal's grip. "Yeah, I get it. I'll get my stuff and get out."

Hannibal moved lightening quick and grabbed Will quickly once again. "You're not going anywhere."

Alana thought the young man would lash out after his first demonstration of anger, but be almost immediately visually relaxed with Hannibal's possessive overture. Hannibal leaned in close, whispering something to Will who nodded.

Will glared at Alana once more, but he went upstairs, leaving Hannibal and Alana alone in the foyer.

Alana kicked her heels off and sighed. "Christ, I need a beer."

She bent down and scooped up her heels and headed towards the kitchen. Alana knew Hannibal would follow as she was entering his sacred space.

Even during a fight Hannibal could only play the role of host. Alana had counted on that as he automatically got her a bottle of home brewed beer.

"Just give me the damn bottle," she said.

"Now, you're just being petty." He opened the bottle and poured the frothy, amber liquid into a spotless pint glass that Alana knew Hannibal kept just for her.

Alana grabbed the glass from Hannibal's hand and chugged one third of it. "Yes. Yes, I am. You've pissed me off, Hannibal."

"I had every intention of telling you this evening. It was meant to be a civil conversation."

"Civil, huh? You've been cheating on me." She took another swig. Hannibal might be an ass, but he made fantastic brew.

"Need I remind you I never made a commitment."

"There was no one else for either of us," she said.

"Monogamy by default. You company has been agreeable, but-"

"But you have a boy toy, now? I didn't even you were into guys. Looks a little rough trade."

"Alana, your vulgarity is distasteful. What I share with Will is none of your business. To answer your earlier question, you no not need to get tested."

"So, you haven't-"

"No."

"That means not yet."

"Alana, our dalliance is clearly over. Please-"

"You just called it a dalliance. I can't believe you called it that. We are... were good together, Hannibal."

"I have always found you to be a remarkable woman. I trust we can continue in our professional relationship without complication."

Alana drank more of her beer. "Half of the Faculty thought you were gay, anyway. It's the suits."

Now she was just taking cheap shots. Hannibal looked pained. The was a loud noise from the second floor and the corner of Hannibal's mouth twitched minutely.

"He has a temper."

"He does," Hannibal agreed.

"I hope a passing fancy was worth it, Hannibal, because I'm done. We're done."

"Will isn't a passing fancy."

"He's too young," Alana said.

"He's an adult. He is..." There was loud thump and an added scraping sound on the ceiling.

"Quite angry with you. Good luck with that. Think about it. He's all alone with your precious antiques."

"You're being petty."

"I am," Alana said and raised her glass. "Cheers."

"Perhaps it's best if you left now."

"I will, but first you will tell me about him. You owe me that. And, if you don't, I will just show up to the department on Monday and start asking around. Or, you can tell me now and I can feel sorry for myself, but keep my lips sealed."

"I'm not ashamed of Will."

"But he wasn't on your arm tonight."

"As I said earlier, I purchased the tickets for us months ago and we had a standing date." Hannibal's posture was ramrod straight. More so than usual.

"Just tell me he's not a student."

Hannibal licked his bottom lip.

"Hannibal?"

"Technically-"

"A damn student." She slammed the glass on the counter.

"He doesn't pay tuition," Hannibal said. "Nor is he registered."

"But, he's in one of your classes?"

"Jack made arrangements for Will to sit in on one of my classes."

"Jack..." The pieces fell into place. Alana had never actually met Jack's pet project, but had heard of him in passing. Jack's Will. "Jesus, Hannibal. You really know how to pick 'em. Jack will have your head. I'll take it he doesn't know yet?"

"No." Hannibal unbuttoned the top button of his jacket. "It's not your place to discuss any of this with him either."

Alana whistled low. "Now, I almost feel sorry for you. You're in deep shit."

Hannibal sighed. "I will not abandon Will."

"I'm still shocked, Hannibal, but I'm a big girl. I won't be slitting my wrists over this. We've still got to work together... well, unless Jack fires your ass."

"Eloquent," he said.

"Snarky. I'll miss this... us."

"I am sorry. I did not mean to harm you. I do not regret our time together and I wish you well."

"The most stuck-up break up ever." Alana laughed and wanted to cry. "It's been... unique. I'll see you Monday."

"Good night, Alana."

Alana slipped back on her heels, straightened her back and sauntered out without looking back.

Hannibal had always been perfect. A perfect gentleman. Too perfect.

Whoever this Will was, he had to be something intriguing to capture Hannibal's attention. After sometime had passed and the hurt wasn't fresh, maybe she would want to meet him and talk.

For now Alana just wanted to go home and drink a bottle of wine.

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